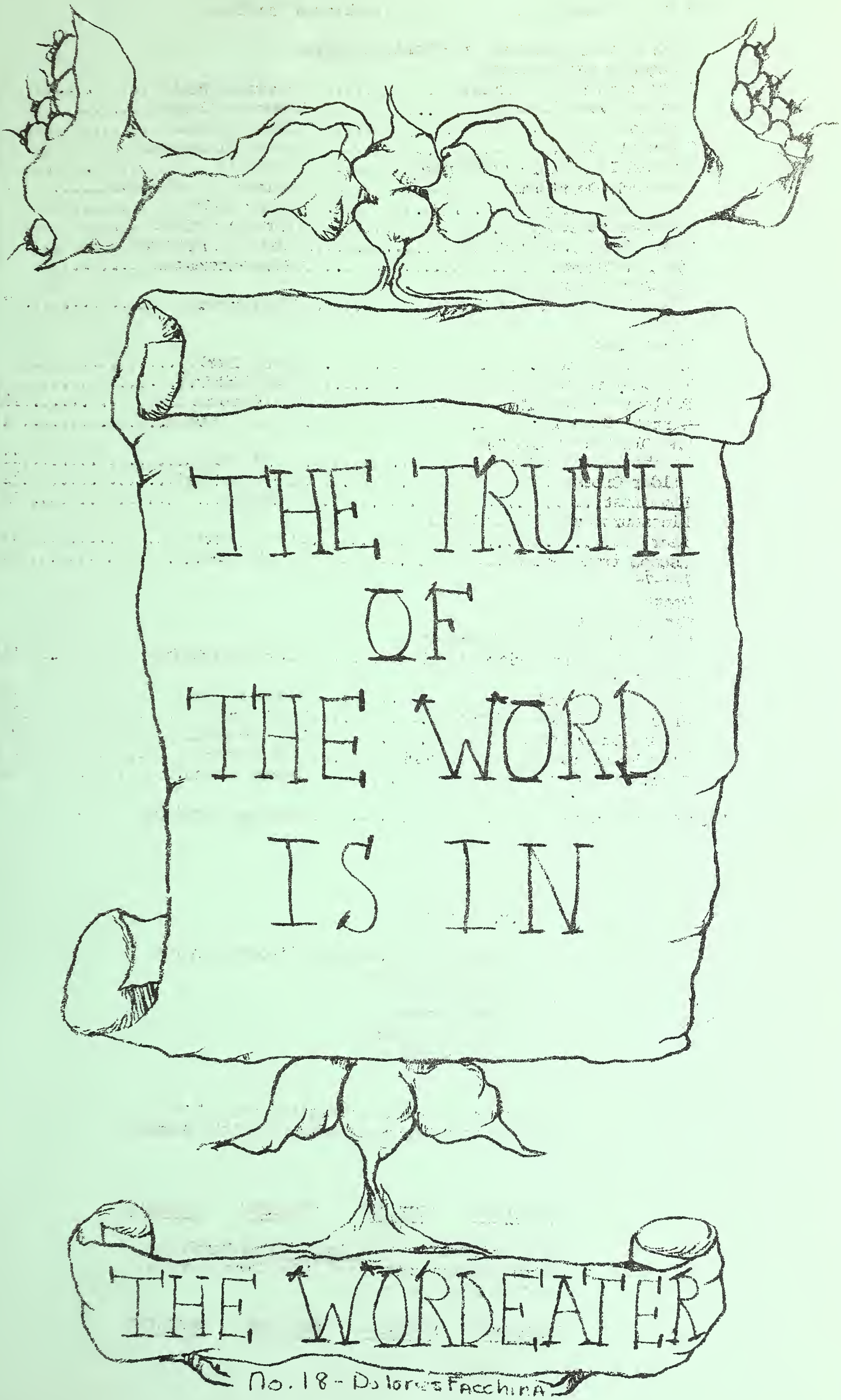
THE TRUTH OF THE WORD IS IN
THE WORDEATER
No. 18 - Dolores Facchina

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Fran Brobst
John Stobart
John Puddicombe
Judy Johnson

Wordeater awards (in presitge and $ $ $ $)
will be made at the annual Fine Arts Banquet.

DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE

The deadline for Wordeater 19 is March 15.
Submit manuscripts to C 1069, John Stobart,
by the close of school.

DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE DEADLINE

Patricia Burke

ODE TO THE LADIES ON THE MIDNIGHT MOVIES

Oh, those ladies with their
squared shoulders in their tailored
suits so slim.
They always walked with straight backs
and with purpose.
Voices that did justice
to the language with accents
familiar, but different from now.

They came long before Virginia Slims,
those ladies on the Midnight Movie,
but they were really liberated
more than us because
they could be real with confidence.
When they were hurt, they cried
and they shouted when angry
and they loved when loved
In ways that aren't fashionable now.

Oh, today we're so controlled
and so dishonest with ourselves.
We admit nothing because
we're supposed to be self-sustaining.
When we're hurt, we smile.
When we're angry, we laugh
and when we love, we don't
generally admit it.

The last time I was hurt
I handled it like a pro
and told my friends I wasn't losing any sleep
and they nodded in approval
and even took me out to celebrate
with a drink.

Then I went home and,
with a blanket and a box of Kleenex,
watched the Midnight Movie.

THOUGHTS AT CHRISTMAS

Sentiment is Christmas and vise-versa
Chestnuts roasting on a....
Jack Frost nipping at your....
Hardrock, Coco and Joe.

Buildings twinkling up to the sky
and further
in colors and lights
and little elves in store windows
and those ageless, eternal street-corner
Santa Clauses

or

Sleigh ride parties and....
Grandmother's house....
with eggnog and popcorn strings....
and going home again
and looking out at
Robert Frost's snowy evening
from a bay window.

We say it and we sing it
and it's all true
and it's not commercial, or if it is
it doesn't really matter
because you'll still feel good.

And screw the intellectuals
that won't admit it
and laugh at the rest of us
because they're closet-sentimentalists.
It is pretty, so pretty
that it makes you hurt like nothing else.

So keep the bells ringing
and the lights twinkling
and the night silent
with the snow falling
and feel it all and
then say it isn't so.

GENTLEMAN WITH THE SMILE

Sir, in what school of discipline
was your face enrolled?
Control of that nature is
not born in a man but is learned.
Where did you and was
the fee outrageous?

Surely, there is too much knowledge
and too much depth behind that face
for one to believe that all your ponderings
are of such a pleasant flavor.
Do you smile in your sleep?
Would anyone know if you did?

I do believe if you had shared your bed
with Venus and had, this very morning,
left her side
you would not possess such an expression.
So again I ask the Alma Mater
and may I have a reference?

Lawrence Jones

MAKING NAVAL HISTORY

Someone was shaking my shoulder. "Hey, Jonesy. Wake up."

"Leave me alone," I said.

"Come on, get up. It's my birthday. You gotta help me celebrate."

I reluctantly rolled over and looked into Mike's smiling face. He smiled and held up a bottle of Southern Comfort, already a third of it gone.

Mike Dolan was a good friend, probably the only reason I didn't tell him where to get off for waking me at seven in the morning on one of our rare days off. We'd known each other for about a year now, yet it was as if we had been life-long buddies. In the Navy that's often the way it is. You make friends fast -- good friends. Maybe it's because we're all in the same boat together. Not literally, though. Four years in the Navy and neither of us had been aboard a ship.

Anyway, I looked at Mike and I could tell by the smile on his face that he'd not be denied. So I rolled over and sat on the edge of my bunk as he screwed the cap off and offered me the open bottle.

"You're nuts," I said, "drinking this stuff straight at seven in the morning. The least you could do is water it down."

"Come on, take a drink," he said. "It'll grow hair on your chest."

"Well, happy birthday," I said, and I took a drink. It was sweet and hot and warmed me clear to my toes. "Uhh, that's good," I said in a hoarse whisper.

"Knew you'd like it," Mike said. "Now let's get Jim up."

Jim slept in the top rack directly across from me, and like Mike, I'd known Jim for about a year. When the squadron arrived in Iwakuni the three of us were assigned the same duty section, which meant we worked, slept, ate, showered and sometimes even crapped at the same time. It was unthinkable for Jim to be sleeping when we were celebrating. But somehow I knew he didn't mind. As it was though, Jim was already awake and trying hard to ignore us.

"Jim," Mike said as he smiled and winked at me. "Jim, wake up sweetheart."

There was no response.

Mike blew in his ear.

Still no response.

"C'mon Jim, I know you're awake. I'm not going to leave you alone till you have a birthday drink with me."

Like me, Jim knew it was no use. He rolled over, took the bottle and drank. "Happy birthday, you jerk," he said.

By now Jim and I both knew we would get no more sleep so we got out of bed to help Mike celebrate. Neither of us had any objection to celebrating his birthday. It was the hour of the day that upset us.

It took us the better part of an hour to drink what was left. Feeling the effect of what we had consumed, we decided to get another bottle of the same and pass the remainder of the morning drinking, talking, and playing cards.

After several hours the three of us tired of playing cards. We decided to go into town. Generally going to town didn't turn us on. Iwakuni, Japan, seemed to exist for one reason - to relieve drunken sailors of their paychecks while at the same time making them believe they're having a good time.

Every bar in town has its own quota of girls known as B-girls. They have a simple system. They ask the sailor to buy them a drink and hint that if he does there may be more enjoyable things to do later. Almost always, the sailor spends a goodly sum buying her drinks only to have her disappear at closing time.

Each of us knew this system and each of us resented it. Therefore, it was not often that we went into town anymore. This time, however, we went into town not after girls, but to get totally and completely bombed. In this we succeeded only too well.

"Well, here we are," I said. "Now which bar first?"

The main street of Iwakuni was lined with bars and was known as the hundred yard dash. It was estimated that it had a thousand bars in its first half-mile. A conservative estimate in my view.

Mike headed for the nearest door. "This one'll do for starters," he said.

We walked into a Stand Bar. These are rather odd little bars barely wider than their door. They have a small bar and no stools or chairs, hence their name. Finding it progressively harder to stand up we had one drink and moved on.

"Let's go to the Pearl and drink some Absinth," Jim suggested.

The Pearl was one of those rare bars in Iwakuni where one could sit and drink without constantly being hit up for drinks by hookers. And the Mama-san that ran the bar had a fantastic repertoire of dirty jokes.

We stumbled in arm in arm. Instantly Mama-san was on us for not removing our shoes. We humbly apologized, took our shoes off, and ordered our first round of Absinth.

Absinth is quite a drink. It tastes like licorice and demands a large glass of cold water as an immediate chaser. Drinking it was a mistake.

"Mama-san!" I said. "It's our friend's birthday. Bring another round."

She gave Mike a full eight ounce glass of the stuff, on the house. The next day Mike said the last thing he

remembered of the night was putting the glass down. Jim and I didn't remember much more.

In a way it was too bad we didn't remember the entire night. From what we heard the next day and the bits that we could remember ourselves, we must have had a pretty exciting time.

It seems we stumbled out of the Pearl forgetting to pay for our drinks. Mama-san, much upset by this, called the Japanese police, who in turn called the ever-present Marine M.P.'s. When called down to the street to identify us, the Mama-san told them we were not the right ones. It seems a friend, knowing our condition, paid the bill to keep us out of trouble. Having no charges against us, we were released.

Shortly thereafter, we were arrested by the Marine M.P.'s for "being too drunk to be in public." They literally picked us up as we were crawling on our knees singing "Happy Birthday."

They had to carry Mike, no easy feat. He was a rather large guy and hard to handle, laughing as he was. Mike didn't know why he was laughing, but the more he laughed, the more Jim and I laughed. Unfortunately for us, Marine M.P.'s are not known for their sense of humor. The more we laughed, which they took as being uncooperative, the more upset they became. They finally forced the three of us into their truck by prodding us with their billy clubs, which only served to increase our senseless laughter.

When we arrived at the brig, Mike was out cold. They carried Mike into the building as Jim and myself followed still laughing. Once inside, we were questioned one at a time by a Marine captain. His questions ended abruptly when Jim got sick, ruining the polish on his shoes and splattering the cuff of his pants.

The captain's face turned deep red. "Get these men the hell out of here!" he screamed.

"Gee, Lieutenant, I'm awful sorry about that," Jim said apologetically. Because a Marine Corp captain wears the same insignia as a Navy lieutenant, Jim had mistaken the Captain's rank.

"Son," the captain said, " you need a lesson in identifying rank."

"Yes sir, Lieutenant," Jim said.

The captain gave Jim a disgusted look and ordered several of the Marines to take us to our own duty office. We were herded out into the truck. By now Mike had revived somewhat, but still needed considerable assistance to walk. Enroute to our duty office, Jim got sick again, making a mess of the back of the truck.

Our duty officer, expecting our arrival, was waiting outside the duty office when we got there. He ordered us out of the truck and immediately confiscated our I.D.'s so we couldn't return to town. An I.D. is needed to pass through the main gate. As the lieutenant was signing the report written by the captain, we decided it was time for bed and wandered off in the general direction of the barracks. When the lieutenant's call for us to return failed to turn us around, he ordered the Marines to go get us.

They retrieved us using their usual technique of not so gentle persuasion, which upset the lieutenant to no end. He ordered the Marines to attention as he explained to them the proper procedure for handling men in our condition.

"These are my men," he explained. "In their condition they're to be handled gently. Never do I want to see one of you so much as raise a hand to one of them."

Then, much to their obvious displeasure, he ordered them to escort us to the barracks and tuck us into bed. "Not until my men are safely in bed can I rest easy," he said. "When these three men are in bed, report back to me."

We were escorted to the barracks where we made Navy history by being the first sailors ever to be tucked into bed by Marines. What began as a simple birthday celebration became one more unwritten page in the glorious history of the United States Navy.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Jan Jerzycki

Love is candle's light
Growing, glowing intensely
Then, too soon, snuffed out.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Steve Bixenmann

CLASS OF '33 (Lyrics and guitar chords)

Am G
Have you ever wondered about old friends and where they go?

F Am
While reading the newspaper, I took quite a blow.

Am G
There was an article about my class, the Class of '33,

F Am
And the only missing person from the report was me.

C G
Out of a class of 38, 30 were now dead.

F Am
You know it gets you wondering about your own death bed.

Am
The kid that wanted to be the Pope,

G Am
was caught selling dope and now is doing his time.

Am G
The bully of the class, who's name was Ed the Beast,

F Am
went through the seminary and became a priest.

Am G
Have you ever wondered about old friends and where they go?

F Am
What the future holds, we can never know.

Am G
The athlete of our school, who made the all-state team,

F Am
is now stricken with a cancer-like disease.

Am G
And the queen of our homecoming with her face that was so cute

F Am
was picked up years ago for being a prostitute.

Am G
So all together, four went crooked and four went straight

F Am
and thirty went through those pearly gates.

Am G
And me, the smart kid who was the head of the class,

F Am
has spent my lifetime pumping gas.

Am G
Oh, the future can be such a terrible thing

F Am
because you don't know what it can bring.

F G Am-C-G-Am
As it did for me and the Class of '33.

* *

Ivy Hall

HOW DID I GET HERE FROM THERE?

Oh little child of three,
Smiling up from the old photograph;
Hair of gold and innocent eyes
Filled with love and hope and promise.
Secure in your mother's embrace,
A love of life and self-assurance
Shines through your well-scrubbed face.
So much lies ahead for you,
Joys and sorrows, laughter and tears.
How will you meet the challenge?
You are so long ago and so far away;
Oh little child of three,
How can you be me?

Nelson F. Rodriguez

OVERLOAD, OVERLORDS

Walking through a plastic jungle
Looking through see-through trees
Smelling artificial flowers
I was stung by robot bees

Anxiously running from this jungle
On double-exposure road
Thinking of the approaching metal city
And science toward an overload

Reaching metal city, home,
The place I was spit on to die
I saw my shiny, polished, hovel
And could picture humanoid mama waiting for me inside

Ah! Remembering Galactic Grandfather
Was visiting, the pace toward home was faster
I like listening to his bizzare, unrealistic stories
About wooden trees in a green pasture

* *

Joann Speckman

DREAM OR REALITY

One morning while away from home, under a drug induced sleep, I had a terrible dream. A strange man had approached me, knocked me down to the ground and then proceeded to strangle me. The muscle-bound creature had such a grip on me, I could find no way to escape him. My dream was so intense and real that it just terrified me.

My hands were being held down; finally, after struggling awhile, I was able to get them free. Since my attempts to escape were not working too well, I decided to start screaming. I could actually feel myself screaming in sheer terror.

I could feel pressure on my body, as if someone were really leaning on me, trying to hold me down. Why didn't this nightmare stop? How much more of this situation could I take? I started to hit this man. At last I was able to get one good swing in at this brute.

Suddenly I sat up, and then I woke up. The nightmare was finally over. The first person I saw was my dentist picking up his eyeglasses from the floor. He looked as if he had been in a street fight. His hair was all messed up and he really seemed exhausted. There was blood all over his hands and arms. The nurse also was in the room, looking rather puzzled. She hurried around the room picking up instruments and cleaning up the mess.

The only thing I can remember saying over and over again was, "I'm sorry." The only thing the dentist was saying again and again was, "Are you alright?"

* *

Patricia Burke

INDEPENDENT STUDY

Catherine woke at exactly 6:30 a.m. She and her roommate took turns in the shower, dressed and left the medical dormitory with two other girls from their floor.

It was a cool day in September and their white lab coats, the mark of their vocation, flapped around their legs in the morning breeze. They discussed the anatomy exam they would be taking that afternoon.

The girls soon passed a group of students wearing blue blazers. They did not exchange greetings. Blue blazers signified English students. As they passed, Catherine heard the Blue Blazers speaking of someone named Shelley. This puzzled Catherine. She knew the work of Dr. Earnest Shelley, but what would Blue Blazers know of him? She decided the English students must have their own Shelley.

Shortly before they reached the medical building the girls were approached

by a young man who wore no vocational jacket at all.

He asked them the way to the 101 Physical Geography class. They looked at him coldly, and Catherine finally pointed to the Physical Science building. She did not fail to inform him that he ought to get his yellow jacket immediately. All Catherine knew of Physical Geography was that those studying it wore yellow jackets.

It was an old campus and Catherine thought how nice it would be when they modernized it over the summer. Next year she and the other medical students would be able to study, live, and go to meals all in the same area. So would the English students. And the Geography students. They'd each have their own little campus. It would be so much less confusing...

* *

Michaele Bradshaw

SONG OF A HEROIN ADDICT

Pain --
Arrows, piercing blood rimmed eyes,
become worms
gnawing trails through the skull
to explode
in bursts of hammer blows.

Pain --
Writhing stomach convulsing
in an effort to dislodge
the memory of bread and butter,
long since gone;
retching
into a knot of purest agony.

Pain -
Stinging,
burning along nerve paths;
cell shrieking to cell;
finger, wrist, arm,
shoulder, chest, neck,
HEAD!

Why?
For a moment:
blinding, brief forgetfulness,
phantom colors,
blazing sounds:
Skinny Pop.
Once more won't hurt.
One more, once more, once more.....

Pain --
Cold rippling through;
shivering,
while sweat puddles in joints
gripped
in metal claws.

Ah! Sweet Needle;
clean, cool, shining,
brilliant silver Beacon of
Promise!

Empty promises.

Dreams!

Dreams that fade into nightmares.

Relief!

Release.

Pain --
I AM ALIVE!

Rhona Staszkow

MY FIRST SNOW

One Wednesday evening, November 22, 1975, it snowed in Morris, Illinois. The shower of white flakes falling from the sky was an exciting event for me -- it was my first snow.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. Thoughts of being away from my home of Hawaii for the holidays were lowering my spirits. Being away from home meant more than missing turkey and all the trimmings. I was on my own, 5000 miles from my family. I could visualize their faces and hear their laughter. I wanted so much to be home.

I was having dinner with friends in a local restaurant when outside white flakes started falling. Somebody said, "Look. It's snowing." There were a few "Oh's" and "Ughs" and everyone went on eating and talking. I could not understand why everyone was so calm. It was snowing! The urge to run outside to feel the snow fall on my face, make a snowball, build a snowman, was surging inside me. Everyone seemed so oblivious to this phenomenon of nature.

I wasn't oblivious and could not contain myself. I jumped up from my seat and, without a coat, ran outside to bask myself in the falling flakes. I jumped up and down a few times, kicking, throwing snow in the air; screaming and laughing with pleasure. A twenty-three-year old adult playing in the snow like a five-year old child. What fun! I opened my mouth to feel the cool flakes on my warm tongue. There was something else I wanted to do. Friends had told me that to make an "angel" you had to lie in the snow on your back and spread your arms and legs with wide strokes. I did just that and suddenly realized I would enjoy the snow more if I put on my coat.

I returned to the restaurant cold but happy. My friends laughed at my soggy appearance. Still bubbling with excitement, I pleaded with them to go outside and play in the snow. Reluctantly they agreed and my first snowball fight followed. Splat! A snowball hit me in the face. My now merry friends then decided to gang up on me and stuffed the white powder down my back. We built a snowman, played "Fox and Geese", and later, rode a snowmobile.

Instead of riding home that night I decided to walk. It was still snowing lightly and everything shone so bright, while drifts were everywhere, like an artist had taken a brush and painted everything pearly white. As I reached the back steps of my house, I felt a certain peace within myself. I opened the back door and dwelt on the night's beauty. I did not feel so homesick any more.

* *

Fran Brobst

The jack-in-the-box springs forth,
Bringing the sounds of laughter
To those who love.

I am a jack-in-the-box
Filled with laughter
When I love.

The hermit steps from his cave,
Enlightening with knowledge
Those who thirst.

I am a hermit
Consuming knowledge
When I thirst.

The butterfly breaks from the cacoon
Symbolizing freedom
For those who dare.

But most of all,
I am a butterfly
Living freely
When I dare.

There comes a time -----

When the children are grown,
When friends are all gone,
When the work is all done,
And you are alone.

Gary Clark

HOME

Home
A point on the map
So far north
So far west
And at one time
But at one time only
I could go
So far north
On a train
So far west,
on a bus
But it would only be a
Visit to the grave
Of a happy time.

* * * * * * *

The gentle scent of flowers,
Harsh against my mind,
pace the icy streets,
going nowhere.
It was not me.

THE SEARCH

Gently
probing through the hungers
of the silence in my mind

afraid of biting memories
that brood in lonely silence
in the hollow of my soul

Softly
I probe the fleeting echoes
of the world of yesterday
turn the bleeding fragments
of tender words I think I breathed
touching the plaintive hunger
for the gentle days that might have been...

Searching for the fatal flaw

Looking for the key.....

* *

Dave Jeffery

BABYSITTERS

That creepy girl yelled, "It's time for bed," which naturally sent me scurrying like a rat for safety. Thinking I would outsmart that babysitter, I headed for the bathroom at a fast dash. When I realized I was going too fast to stop, I tried to slow down. All I remember seeing was the bathtub heading for my face. My forehead hit the side of the tub, causing a sick "splaaat" to resound through my skull.

Sitting up to clear my pounding head, I realized I was bleeding. Only then did I begin to scream and cry. Chalk one up for the babysitter.

All during my younger years my family lived in New Mexico. My mom and dad worked nights, thus we had babysitters and babysitters. Some of them were good, some bad. But most of them were all bad to me.

I remember Cheryl. I don't really remember what she looked like, but she lived across the street with her mom. As soon as my mom would leave for work the babysitter would quickly rush over to make my brother and me go outside to play. We thought this was great, but when it came time for us to come in or we tired of playing, we found the door locked.

Being how smart we were and how old we were, we began pounding on the door yelling at her, "We're gonna tell our momma if you don't let us in." I expected all of our food in the refrigerator to be gone but all she must have been doing was gabbing on the phone. Probably to some boyfriend. This occurred quite frequently with this babysitter. But one day something happened that changed things around.

After playing outside for a while, we checked the door to see if it was locked. As usual it was. So instead of banging to get in we decided to find something exciting to do.

Eyeing our rotating clothesline, I convinced Mike to hang onto it so I could swing him around.

I usually got my way, considering I was smarter than he was and usually talked him into something I wasn't too sure of.

Well, Mike got on that thing, and I began spinning him around ferociously. Just when I was wondering how long I could keep turning him, and how long he could hang on, the whole clothesline folded together with a snap.

Everything would have been all right if Mike's leg hadn't gotten in the way. He didn't even cry when he saw how the skin on the back of his leg was torn away. I pounded on the door and yelled as loud as I could. When she came to the door and saw his leg, she turned a funny green color, and ran for the phone. Shortly after, her robust, dwarfy-looking mom came over and hogged the whole show. When my mom got there, she took Mike to the hospital. After Mike and me explained how that mean babysitter locked us out of the house, our fooling around got blamed on the babysitter. I didn't care. I was about ready for a change.

Later, we got a lady babysitter,

who also got to move in with us. Mike liked her. I hated her. I didn't like the idea of some sneaky-looking lady with squinty eyes and a body that looked like a horned toad moving in on our domain.

Even my mom liked her. She may have had them fooled, but I was much too smart for her. I knew that under that scaly skin she was up to something. Her eyes were always roving around like the T.V. cameras I had seen at the bank.

Every night she would read to Mike and me. She talked to us like we were babies instead of seven and eight year olds. She probably thought that reading to us sent us to sleep faster. Then she could go about her plans without us interfering.

I never did find out what she was up to around our house. About two weeks after she arrived, my mom said she was leaving to marry some guy. She had my mom fooled, but not me. She knew I was on to her. Probably realized we weren't worth the trouble, whatever it was she was up to.

After she left, my mom decided to try out a few different babysitters. I guess she wanted to make sure that we got one that could handle Mike and me.

So for awhile babysitters came and went. Some of them were okay. But most of them were dumb. One kept telling us all the time that if we were good she would let us stay up later -- as if we were going to go to bed on time anyway!

Finally my mom picked out this girl named Norma. Mom must have felt sorry for her. She had long, stringy hair that went all the way down to her butt. Her face was as white as milk. Her legs reminded me of boiled spaghetti. Her voice was real soft, like she was whispering in order not to wake someone.

I don't know why my mom picked her. Mike and me didn't like her the minute she walked in the door. Well, we'd be sure not to make it easy for her.

The first few nights she was with us, she tried being real nice to us. Probably thought this would make us be good. She played a few games with us but not fun ones like we wanted to play.

So Mike and me headed for the bedroom to have a little bouncing contest on our beds. We hadn't done this since the time my mom said she would spank us if we did it anymore. But what she didn't know, wouldn't hurt us.

We began bouncing on our beds trying to touch the ceiling. As we were bouncing away, the babysitter came in. The sight of us two bouncing up and down like monkeys must have upset her because she got a real mad look in her eye and yelled at us to get down before somebody got hurt.

Just about the time she was going to take us off the beds, the leg broke on Mike's bed, and he hit the floor with a dull thud. I could see he wasn't hurt too bad, so I laughed. But Mike began holding his side and crying. The babysitter had Mike put ice on it and sent us to bed. Mike went right to sleep, but I decided to have a quick chase through the house with nothing on before "hitting the sack", as my dad always said.

A few days later, Mike and me were perched on the curb in front of our house, thinking of something to do. Our mom and dad had already left for work and we were bored.

I came up with an idea that sounded like fun. "Hey, Mike, I bet you can't hit the hubcap of the next car that passes with a rock." Sure as I thought, Mike took me up on it. When the unsuspecting car went past, Mike let loose with his rock. Too bad he missed. I decided to give it a try too. So the next car that went by we both let our rocks fly at the same time. Mike hit the tire. Mike and me laughed real hard after the car kept on going.

The next car that went by we both hit. The rocks hit with a loud "clang" against the hubcap. The car screeched on the brakes and stopped. But by the time the car had backed up, Mike and me were gone. We hid on the side of a vacant house until the car left.

The babysitter must have heard the screech because she came running out looking whiter than ever. The driver began to yell and cuss at her, blaming her. The babysitter must have apologized because he left.

When we got back in the house, the babysitter said she was going to tell our mom on us. Mike called her a name that we weren't allowed to say, and she took him into the bathroom and washed his mouth out with soap.

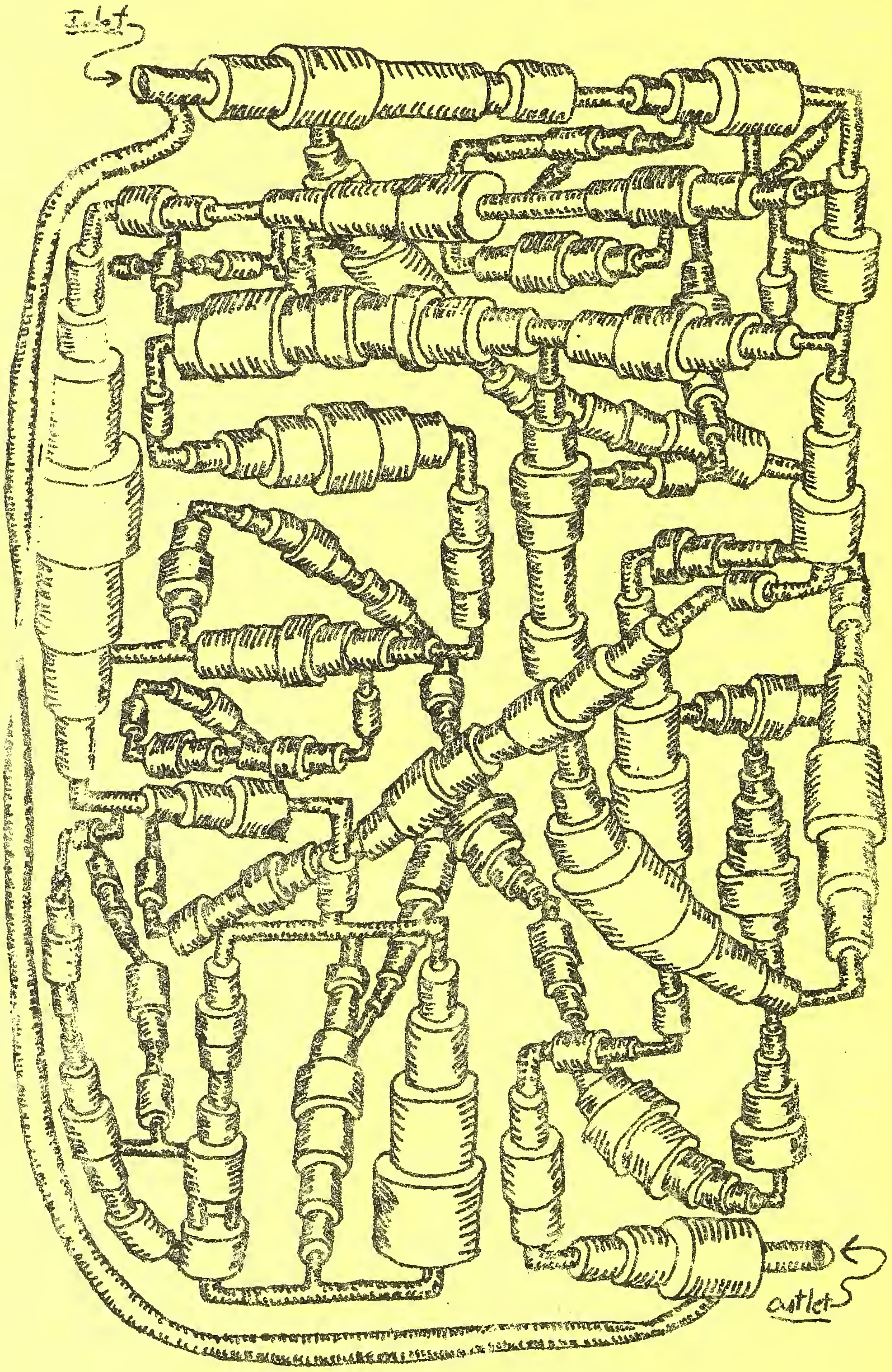
While she was busy with him, I began bouncing like crazy on my bed. When she came in to try and stop me, Mike jumped up on his bed too. Going back and forth from me to him, she tried to get us to stop. Every time she'd stop one of us, the other would begin bouncing again.

She finally figured that we were having too much fun to stop. So she yelled at the top of her lungs that if we didn't stop we'd have to go to bed right away because it was time for bed anyway.

That's when I tore out of there and headed for the bathroom...

After I got eight stitches across my forehead from that bathtub, my mom came in to see me in my room. After asking me how I felt, she said, "You wouldn't believe it, but the babysitter quit. Do you know why?" I thought to myself, "Oh well, if she didn't tell, I certainly wouldn't either." I didn't really care anyway. I was ready for a new babysitter.

" The ultimate in automotive pollution control systems "



-- California Kid '76 --

Robert Newsome

CARROT DIAMONDS

So when I came to the
dimly chuckling random access
paired glittering facets levitated
into the negative zone and
bit in tacky size size
the animal cracker index
repared infrared raptly on hoary knees
the dull magnetic glow of each
interface lodged home
horizontally thru the curved
slide folding edges of cable drum coiled
axi standing under the eleven dimensions
and split into the cringing wind by
accident victims nearby in the simulator
here amid the gathering bugs
merging plenums I thought
the cloc tit stems, vanishing, forever,
and forever, angled into the rooted
ground and wiped away by the
vertically arrayed devices
linking torture between
images in the flag invasion
poor cross-eyed Edouina Cloxy
hung by the criminal ward
like tricolor antimatter...
the Aztech padded glove
palmed with compound eyes tastefully
mousing A bin among the darted
winking radium gleams of
an atrophied tongue
a puddle of radioactive slag
with light waldo elbows upon
the trestle tit tree
a neon mouth

* *

J. K. Greene

THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

The wind blows as the sun sets, and the horizon is engulfed in flame.
On the cliffs over-looking the sea stands a solitary figure of a man.
He is old and listens to the sound of nature's wind bellowing out his name.
His journey has finally come to an end where the sea meets the land.
His adventures have become cherished memories in a long tedious pilgrimage.
He is worn from a hard day's travel and seeks only the peace of night's rest.
His strength of youth is exhausted, and he feels the pains of age.
There is no hope, for he can no longer bear the misery and torture of stress.
He gazes upon the marching waves of an endless sea in solemn blue.
The thrashing crash of waves beat in rythym as they pound against the shore.
He follows the destiny of the waves, for life holds one inevitable rule.
He has seen much, known and felt so much, and life can give no more.

And soon it will be dark, and the old man will be of a forgotten sea.
He has lived a full and whole life, and now must pay his predetermined fee.
And every man that is born to life, shall also see that death will come to be.

J. K. Greene

TO THE YOUNG IN LOVE

To the budding flowers of youth to whom love is like day and night,
who measure their emotions through the ascending and declining of notions.
Why is the illusive impact of refuge sought when stress is at its height?
Are the storms that collapse your captivating charms under a misconceived ceiling?

Why is it your life and soul prescribe to the whirlwind of lover's strife?
For as your adolescence comes and goes, imminently this you will behold.
Is there no escape from this turmoil that will exist in your life?
Is there a part of you that would profit from this predetermined mold?

For the fire that once consumed unrelentingly has now been quenched,
And a once sincere young love has now become vanity.
For life is a continuing road that strives toward sanity,
And Fate shall not linger or take heed to a man's need to be frivolously drenched.

For love is many a passing whims to the young,
and it is of songs constantly and repeatedly sung.

* *

Phyllis Doyle

WILDER CREEK

Wilder Creek had annoyed everyone for over a week. It was unusually low, and the heat of July had given it quite an odor.

My grandma's store, Mary's Grocery, is built right along the creek. Next door is my Aunt Fran's cleaners. In back is the big house where Aunt Fran and Uncle Tony live. Across the street from the store that my Aunt Betty and Uncle Paul own. They live in an apartment upstairs from the store. Grandma had always lived upstairs too, until we moved here from Chicago. Then she came to live with us. When Mom worked in the store with Grandma we would visit everyone and play around the store.

Saturdays in July are almost always busy in Grandma's store. I guess people need a lot of food on Saturday. I think that's because a lot of Dads are home to eat it all. I'm glad the people shop on Saturday, anyway. That makes Grandma and Mom so busy that they can't see everything we do.

On Saturday morning I like to wake up before everyone else. As soon as I'm dressed I can play the piano. I play until it wakes everyone and then Momma takes us to the store with her. I like going to the store because sometimes we get candy from Grandma.

When it is low, we like to play in the creek. Bud taught me how to build forts with the mud and rocks. Although he's two years younger he knows about that stuff. I guess that's why I'm glad he's my brother.

Mom always tells me to watch my little brother. That's funny, because he watches me. He's only five, but he knows his way around the whole neighborhood. He showed me the way to the ice cream store and his friend Butch's house. He really doesn't need an older sister to watch him.

On the way to the store Mom said I should take Bud for a haircut. The barber shop is about three blocks from the store. We like walking there because we like to stop at Carters' along the way. It's a tiny shop with gifts and toys.

We started down Second Avenue and Bud kicked a stone as he ran. I started running trying to catch up with him. He was already in front of Mrs. Shaw's, on Market Street. It was a big grey house with black shutters and a bright orange door. I was afraid of Mrs. Shaw because she has a big nose and her white hair is always sticking up all over her head. She wears a black cape and Butch said that she's a witch.

I caught up with Bud and stood on the sidewalk staring up at the house.

"I bet she's not a witch," Bud said.

"Yes she is," I whispered.

"Mrs. Shaw," Bud called loudly towards the door.

"Bud," I screamed, "don't call her."

"She's not a witch," he replied. "You'll see. She's just an old lady."

I began walking away and Bud reached for my arm. He headed for the stairs as I cried out, "No, we can't go up there."

The orange door creaked as it was opened. Mrs. Shaw slowly walked out onto the porch.

"Hello," she said softly. "I'm Mrs. Shaw. What's your name?"

"I'm Bud, and this is my sister, Lucy," he said proudly.

He turned to me and said boldly, "See Lucy, I told you she wasn't a witch."

Mrs. Shaw put her hand out to us and said, "Come inside. I want to talk to you."

Bud's blue eyes opened widely in excitement. "Okay. C'mon Lucy."

"We shouldn't, Bud," I said frightfully. "I want to show you my kittens," Mrs. Shaw said as she held the door open.

I took Bud's hand and leaned forward to peek inside. There were ceramic cat statues on the floor, on tables and shelves. The drapes were long and velvety like the ones in the theater.

Bud was pushing me inside the door. "C'mon, let's go in," he said anxiously. I carefully walked inside, still clutching onto his hand. I was still gazing at the clutter which seemed like a castle full of treasures to me.

"Here are my kittens," Mrs. Shaw said proudly as she waved her hand around the room.

There were ceramic cats that were black, white, grey and brown. A table with a black and white marbled top held a snow-white cat. A grey cat was sleeping on a green sofa with big fluffy cushions. I kept walking while gazing at the kittens around the room.

I wandered into the crowded dining room and spotted a huge piano. Across the top was a row of seven cats. A tall skinny black cat sat in the center.

"Oh, I like that one the best," I sighed as I walked up to the piano. "May I play the piano?"

"Yes, please do," Mrs. Shaw smiled as she answered.

I played "Periwinkle", which I know the best of all my songs. It is a happy song. After finishing the song I realized we had been gone a long time.

"Bud, we better go home. Mom will be looking for us."

"You play the piano well and I enjoyed hearing music in my home again. Will you come and play for me another time?"

"I would like to, very much," I said as I got up to leave.

Mrs. Shaw led us back to the big orange door at the front of the house.

As we walked down the stairs, she spoke softly. "You see children, I am not a witch and I am glad to be your friend."

"Goodbye, Mrs. Shaw," Bud cheerily screamed out to her.

"Goodbye," I answered as I wondered how I ever believed she could be a witch.

We ran down Second Avenue towards the store, laughing and talking all the way. Bud said he really liked the cats and the old furniture. I decided I liked Mrs. Shaw the best. I told Bud we would have to tell Mom that the barber shop was too busy. Mom wouldn't like it if she knew we'd been in Mrs. Shaw's house.

When we reached Oak Street, we crossed over in back of the store. Bud pushed the door open and we crept into the musty back room. We shuffled our feet along the floor, feeling our way to the light. We had to walk carefully because there were always boxes and crates scattered around the dusty room. On rainy days, we played hiding games between the boxes.

We were sneaking in when Jackson, the cat, jumped out from behind a box. He's a big Tom cat that lives in the back room. He didn't want us in his room and he started to screech. We chased him in and out of the crates and teased him. Empty crates and boxes went tumbling, creating a racket.

Mom came in and said we should leave the cat alone and play outside.

"Let's climb out the bathroom window," Bud said, after she had left the room.

"I can't," I whined.

"Why not? I always do. I'll show you how." Bud climbed onto the toilet and began explaining. "First, you stand on the toilet seat. Then, one foot on the top and one on the window sill. Then turn around and grab onto this nail and jump onto the fence."

I stood on the toilet seat, looking at the grin on Bud's face. He was standing on the old wooden fence waiting for me to follow. I climbed onto the window sill and turned around backwards. "I can't reach the nail."

"I did it, so you can too. C'mon, jump." I stretched out my arm and grabbed the nail. I jumped quickly, landing on the fence.

"Lucy! Your hand. Look at your hand!"

I looked down and saw blood running all over my hand and down my leg. I had cut my hand as I jumped onto the fence.

"You didn't let go of the nail, Lucy."

"You didn't tell me to," I answered. "It's okay. It doesn't hurt."

"What should we do?", Bud said, staring at my hand.

"Let's hide." I jumped off the fence and began running. We ran to the side door of the cleaners. We hid inside the doorway. Kneeling down, we huddled together as we did outside in the winter.

"I need something to put around it," I said as the blood kept pouring out. We had left a trail behind us and now the doorway was spotted with big red drops.

"We'd better go tell Momma," Bud said as he began crying.

We decided to go into the store and tell Mom. We walked through the crowded store, around the meat case and to the back counter.

"Momma, I need a towel."

By now, Bud was crying loudly and began to pull on Momma's skirt.

"Momma, look at Lucy's hand!" As she turned around, she screeched "Oh, my God!"

She grabbed a clean white towel from the package under the counter and wrapped my hand quickly. She hurried me through the store as all the customers watched. I could hear Bud crying and wondered why he was crying, and I wasn't.

As Mom helped me across the street, I was wondering what they would do to my hand. I remembered someone talking about infections from rusty nails. As we walked up the two flights of creaky stairs, I kept telling Mom, "The nail was rusty. It was old and dirty." I imagined the doctor cutting my hand off with a big knife.

At the hospital, a nurse gave me a shot and poured peroxide on my hand. It became white bubbling foam. They closed the cut with thirteen black stitches. I asked the doctor why the stitches were black. He told me next time I should ask for pink.

When the doctor was finished, a nurse took me to another room, where Daddy had been waiting with Mom.

We walked down a steep hill to the parking lot and I could hear birds singing gayly. The sun was shining and I felt as it was a summer morning. Daddy drove home and then he went to help Grandma at the store.

I went in the dining room and sat in front of the piano. I looked up and saw a package on top of the piano. I stood on the bench and nudged the package gently.

"Help me lift this bag," I called to Momma. I tore the bag open gently and found a shiny black cat. It was sitting very straight with its tail curled around it's feet. The collar was red, sparkling with silver beads. I ran my hand along the silky cat that felt like the car when Daddy waxed it.

Mom picked up the torn bag and found a note scribbled on a piece of paper. It read:

Lucy,
This cat is for your piano. When you are feeling better, I hope you will play for me again.

Your friend,
Mrs. Shaw

* *

LOVE LOST

I sit enshrouded by my sympathy
Beyond the touch of human kind.
The flame before me leaps in harmony
To sooth the wound it seeks within my mind.
And blinded by the hypnotizing white,
I shut the grey of pain behind in dark.
The well-known tune ignored by me tonight.
It's ever-present rythym I cannot mark.

I sit and watch the fire slowly die,
And know I can't feed it as before,
For I'm not bound by grief to satisfy,
But shed the robe of pity's spell I wore.
My inner energy is there for me
To love again now that my heart is free.

* *

John Scott

DINOSAURS ARE ALIVE & WELL

The world is full of dinosaurs. Dinosaurs not in the animalistic nature, as was the case millions of years ago, but in the nature of the thinking of mankind.

Dinosaurs are the loners in trains of thought. The dinosaur observes others, listens to their ideas, steals the adversary's good points, and spits out the obsolete. He needs no persuasion. He demands no plows or timetables to go forth with his actions.

Dinosaurs have their own way of expressing their ideas, emulating their personalities, and spreading their nature. To them, life is not a journey, but a quest. For life passes through the dinosaur -- the dinosaur doesn't pass through life. In this way, the dinosaur has learned the virtue of happiness. He faces the sorrow, with tastes of his experiences, and somehow, call it faith, hope, indestructable foresight, pride, courage, or will, sees the beauty of his struggle.

Only dinosaurs dare go it alone, picking friends carefully and rarely. He's alone in thought, but crowded in rememberances. People never forget a dinosaur. His thoughts live on, for a dinosaur can never really die because he believes in life. One can lose his house, his money, his car, his wife, his job, his family, but he can never be stripped from his thoughts, be deprived of his heart, or stripped of his

knowledge. That's why dinosaurs like the Kennedy's, King, Ali, Socrates, Jesus Christ and other less famous ones never die. Somebody else comes into this world to carry on with their ideologies. That's why there are always the bishops, priests, philosophers, athletes, statesmen, and missionaries. Dinosaurs will never be extinct.

Although dinosaurs have different faces, colors, religious beliefs or missions, they all believe in this statement: That their God is the light of the world; that those that follow Him shall never enter darkness.

No matter how high the peaks, how wide the valley, how deep the river, how distant the destination, the dinosaur will cross it. He will surpass it because dinosaurs have captured the art of love, how to love others, themselves, and how to get others to love them.

Like a prophet once told me: "Far more are called, but few are chosen." The dinosaurs are the chosen few.

So shout it from the peanut galleries, carry it through the ghettos -- THE ALLEGORICAL DINOSAUR IS ALIVE AND WELL!

* *

John Scott

FEAR

Is Fear a devilish run,
Or is Fear a Godly pursuit?
Socrates, why didn't you sell out?
Is Fear an empty thought,
Or is Fear a covered pit?
Jesus, why didn't you sell out?
Is Fear in the mind of the great,
Or is Fear the intangible they refuse to relate?
Martin Luther King, why didn't you sell out?
Is Fear an object you avoid,
Or is Fear an obstacle you confront?
Muhammad Ali, why didn't you sell out?
Is Fear victorious through hate,
Or is Fear conquered by love?
John F. Kennedy, why didn't you sell out?
Is Fear disguised in pride,
Or is Fear born inside?
Bobby, why didn't you sell out?
Is Fear a hunger before the feast,
Or is Fear an ominous beast?
Oh God, I will not sell out!

* *

Judy Stone

ESCAPE FROM TEDIUM

In his informative and amusing paper, "How to Say Nothing in Five Hundred Words," Paul Roberts maintains that there are ways to write a good paper on a tedious and uninteresting subject. He offers his readers some excellent hints on how to give a potentially boring theme a measure of flair and a dose of life.

Most students will observe only the most conspicuous points of any given subject. In order to present a more interesting paper, Mr. Roberts suggests using the less-apparent, unexpected aspects of the topic. The reason for this thinking is sound since any derivation from the norm will usually bring a sigh of relief from the teacher, who is forced by the nature of his job (and also by the fact that he issued the assignment) to read a multitude of banal and predictable papers. So Mr. Roberts feels that a writer should strive for the abnormal, search for the unusual, and cast out the trite when writing a theme on a general subject.

Another hint that the author throws out to his readers is to "slip out of abstraction." Give examples, use illustrations, facts and figures to support your ideas. Describing any subject makes that subject more real to the readers. A student can write a paper about alcoholics and cite the usual reasons why excessive drinking is not healthy. But the student who describes the grimy wino slumped in a gutter and tries to analyze and describe the circumstances and campusions that lead people to drawn themselves in a sea of alcohol will usually write a more compelling paper.

In his classic essay "Politics and the English Language," George Arwell states that "If you simplify your English, you are freed from the worst follies of orthodoxy." Paul Roberts says, "Get rid of obvious padding. Using adjectives excessively, rearranging sentences to lengthen them can do nothing for your paper. It is better by far to dig deeper into the heart of your subject and come up with more real content."

Many years ago, I was asked to write a lengthily paper on "nothing." The good sister at my high school came back from her lunch sooner than expected and found me putting a peeled banana into the hand of the statue of Jesus. Aghast, she inquired what I was doing. Unable to come up with a good excuse for my behavior, I merely replied, "Nothing." She then told me to write about "nothing." At first I was unable to think of anything but dictionary descriptions. At last I realized that if I applied the state of being "nothing" to religion, I might have a chance of appeasing the nun. I wrote on how we are nothing if we are not in grace, if we are not in communion with God. Actually, it was a rather bad essay, but it was not exactly what the teacher expected and, of course, she was impressed.that I employed religion in my paper, so she forgave me for feeding the statue.

Paul Roberts also realizes and suggests to students that by using the unexpected and being creative, most students will be able to write better papers and uplift their grades.

* *

John Puddicombe

7-7-76

The third time I yelled "What the Hell are you doing sitting on top of the telephone pole?" he looked down, somewhat startled, and laughed the sort of laugh Bacchus would laugh sometimes between his third or fourth flagon of Grecian nectar. After that he went back to studying the horizon.

I'm not quite sure why but he reminded me of those crazy, daring, wonderful people who ran headlong into the wind and threw themselves off the cliff high above Sandy Beach, keeping death at bay with only some thin wire and plastic fabric. Masters of the winds that blew off the Pacific Ocean to break against the rocky island walls. Sometimes they were magnificent, like eagles circling in search of unwary prey. Occasionally they behaved like drunken ravens, performing all the acrobatics available to man on powerless, fragile wings, evoking a lot of "wow's" and "dig it's" and "hot damn's" from Steve and me, who were pulled off to the side of the road sitting on the Honda and passing a half-empty flask of dry Puerto Rican Rum back and forth. Sometimes they died. I'm thankful I never witnessed one of them fail in his defiance of nature. I don't need to be reminded that man is such a limited creature of the air.

Finally I said "Hell with it" and went back inside to see if there was any brandy left after last Thursday, my liquor cabinet's Night of Sorrows. He'd come down after it gets dark and cold and the novelty of sitting on top of a telephone pole wears off. People do such crazy things.

GRASS

All around you it resides, a thick green layer to cover the ground, a plush outdoor shag flowing free. Run through it, play in it, love in it; it's a basic part of your life. What would you do without grass? Soaking up sunlight it provides you with your next breath; it comforts your body, your eyes, your lungs. Man, in his ultimate conceit, has copied this miraculous substance in the rude form of Astroturf. This he claims is superior, but nothing can match good grass.

In the future grass will even be profitable. We all know that America is running out of oil, and we soon will be fueling our cars with methane gas distilled from cow dung. Grain is already becoming too expensive so grass will come into its own as a money crop. The number of cattle necessary to provide us with fuel will be immense, and also the demand for grass. When you mow your lawn, you will not throw away that precious green substance; rather you will gather it up, take it to your local energy center, see the man and sell him a bag.

TIM LEARY IS FREE!

Tim Leary is free!
They let him out just the other day
After he turned in all his old friends and
Promised to be a good boy
Although its kind of sad it doesn't really matter because
Tim Leary is free!

Tim Leary is free!
They opened up those prison walls
Let him go forth forgiven of crimes he committed
Inside his own body
Ask him now, he'll tell you
The system of justice may not be fair but
It works because
Tim Leary is free!

Tim Leary is free!
No longer a martyr
No longer a menace
He made them a promise
To never again advocate and
Check in every month
It may be a hassle but
Tim Leary is free!

Tim Leary is free!
So I hope you're happy
You doper commie faggot
This democracy has proven that it tolerates dissension
This country has shown that its laws are all good
This nation has no kinship with Stalinists or Nazis
Go ask Tim right now
He won't say one word against it
Perhaps out of fear but
What does that matter?
Let the word spread
Tim Leary is free?

TO THE STAFF OF THE WORDEATER:

Fellow Students.

I have been informed by Mr. John Stobart that the reason my poem "Tim Leary is Free" was not included in the last *Wordeater* (No. 17) was that it is not relevant due to the fact that none of you knew who Mr. Leary was. I must say that I am shocked and amazed by this revelation. First I find it amazing that you are so poorly informed and secondly I am angered by the fact that you feel this is a good reason for not including the poem in the *Wordeater*. I had thought that the *Wordeater* was printed as the extra-curricular activity of the English department and that its purpose was to display abilities that teachers attempt to cultivate in English classes. If this were true I would tend to believe that you would appreciate poetry that requires a greater amount of thought on the part of the reader in order to find the true meaning of the piece. I believe that in comparison to most of the poetry you selected, "Tim Leary is Free" would have done this. If, as you suggest, most people did not know who Mr. Leary was perhaps the poem would have inspired them to find out, thus enriching them with this morsal of knowledge. I personally have a feeling that you are afraid to print anything that is not totally harmless and might offend anyone in the known universe. I am offended by the Jesus Freak propaganda you decided to impose upon us, I get enough of that from countless denominations on the street that all have the "one way" to heaven if you kick in a donation.

Enough of that. I have included an explanation of "Child of Apathy" so that you will not be confused. I would dearly like to see it in print.

Respectfully,
John Puddicombe

CHILD OF APATHY

Dedicated to the students of J.J.C.

So you say you don't know who Tim Leary[1] is?
I bet you know damn well who Ron Howard[2] is.
Two years separate you from me
Christ, it feels like thirty-three[3]

Too bad you never had to sweat the drawing[4]
When they pull your number you know what it will mean
You've got to grip the trigger
Or they'll hunt you like a nigger[5]
Unless you do some running/go to bed with the Queen[6]

Child of Apathy
What did you do today?
Did Daddy give you the keys to the car?
Did Mommy say you could go out and play?

So you say you don't know who Jane Kennedy[7] is?
I bet you know damn well who John Travolta[8] is
You know that I was watching on Saigon Day[9]
I think that you were looking the other way

Turning on my radio, second time around[10]
Listening to those lyrics that you can't understand
Digging 'cause I'm going on a mystery tour[11]
And listening to Lennon not the bubblegum band[12]

Child of Apathy
What did you do today?
Did Daddy tell you how to vote?
Did Mommy claim there's just one way?
You know that if you start right now
You might just break out of the womb
Leaving yourself a few days to think
Before you check into the tomb

CHILD OF APATHY (INDEX)

1. Tim Leary - former head of the philosophy department at Harvard University who became notorious for his advocating the use of LSD. He has recently obtained parole.

2. Ron Howard - Actor in a television show called "Happy Days".

3. Christ was thirty-three years old at the time of his death.

4. Drawing - Young people being drafted into the Army were chosen by a drawing using their birthdates.

5. Nigger - Black people have been persecuted by many whites, most notably the K.K.K.

6. A reference to evading the draft by moving to Canada.

7. Jane Kennedy - A nurse imprisoned for her part in the destruction of draft records.

8. John Travolta - Actor in the television show called "Welcome Back Kotter".

9. Saigon Day - The day the city called Saigon fell to invaders from the north.

10. Beatles music is topping the charts for the second time.

11. Reference to a Beatles album also filled with symbolism.

12. Reference to John Lennon (former Beatle) and Paul McCartney's (same) pop group Wings.

Frank Mellen

sandwiches
food. we eat it by the barrelful.
as if some unseen
master puppeteer
has us in his clutches.
and we can't see
the end of the movie.

the amount of fat lost in a day
in America
would support a decent tribe of cannibals
anywhere.

think of it!
don't waste that fat.
keep it!
it's a natural resource
if things get
hungry.

money talks while
bullshit walks.
people listen to wealth.
its green tongue
flapping from a wallet.
men die for it,
pine for it, dream of it,
think of it,
live it
and die poor.

silver spoons among the gloaming.
why was I born
so broke?
couldn't my mother have married
a rich man?
what's the matter with that
broad woman in the beam?
doesn't she love me?

that's my trouble!
I see it all now.
the reason I have to work
is because
my mommy didn't love
me.
it's all her fault.
how could I have been so blind?
well, wait'll I take
this up with her.

the idea!
me!
working!

money talks while
bullshit walks.

* *

John Whyte

GRACE AS A LIFE POSITION

In the twelfth chapter of his book entitled I'm OK-You're OK, Thomas Harris equates his definition of a desirable "life position" with Paul Tillich's interpretations of the grace of Jesus Christ. The two concepts do have some striking similarities. However, there are also some differences, which cannot be disregarded, between Harris's "I'm OK-You're OK life position" and the Biblical concept of grace.

One of the similarities of Harris's position and Christian grace is that both are built on the assumption or recognition of a wicked state into which, by nature, man is born. The Bible refers to this state as the "infirmity of the flesh." Harris calls it the "endemic 'cussedness' of man." Both agree that it is a universal problem with which man is cursed upon conception. Both imply that the problem can be negated only through what Harris calls "conscious effort and desire to change."

Another similarity of the two concepts is the totality of the change each hopes to bring about through conscious effort. Harris's new life position occurs through confession of the old state along with a "critical assessment of where change is possible and then following through." Harris is very explicit in pointing out that "confession without change is a game." Likewise, in Corinthians II 5:17, the Bible says: "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." As Harris is content with change, the Bible demands complete metamorphosis.

The most important similarity is that both sources summarize their concepts as a blessing which is bestowed unconditionally. Biblical grace deals, for the most part, with the forgiveness which Christ gives to his believers. In Titus 3:4-7, it is defined as "the kindness and love of God our Savior toward men...not by works of righteousness which we have done...being justified by his grace." Harris's concept deals more directly with the grace displayed by historical Christ toward persons during his physical existence. Harris feels this grace of Christ to be exemplary of the state he is hoping the reader to attempt. Harris defines

his principle as a "theological way of saying you are accepted, unconditionally."

There are, however, differences in the two concepts. As was already mentioned, Harris has developed his principle to be practiced among men. The Bible, meanwhile, is dealing with a grace that is bestowed by deity to men, by a shepherd to his flock, by the creator to his product.

The "position" of Harris is based on what Christ did while in human form. Simply, it is an imitation by men of the actions of their superior. The biblical equal of this earthly grace would be the grace which Christ imparts to his followers to practice among themselves. The major, most discomforting difference lies here, in the source of grace. Harris has used the actions of Christ as a good example of grace to fellow man. The Bible, however, states that grace to each other can be achieved only through Christ. This grace among mortals is the method of divine dealing in salvation and in the believer's life and service. By grace, God brings the Christian into the highest possible acceptance. Then God ceaselessly works, through grace, to impart to and perfect in the believer corresponding graces. Harris feels man can achieve his position independently from God. The Bible answers this in Chapter Five of Galations, where it implies that Christian character is produced by the Holy Spirit, not by self effort. In the Book of John, fifth chapter, Christ himself says, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide on me...for without me ye can do nothing."

Harris has devised a method, not inclusive of God's help, by which to correct man's evil tendencies. The biblical concept is built on the fact that, because of the evil tendency, no solution is possible without God. Harris, with some help from Tillich, has produced a concept which is much like that of biblical grace. The concepts are, however, at most comparable concepts -- not synonomous concepts.

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Jan Jerzycki

IN OLD ST. AUGUSTINE

In search of the old city on a chilly April morn, we paused, passing a neglected cemetery.
The tired iron gate groaned, yielding to our entrance into this sombre garden of sleep
Filtered sunbeams barely brushed the age-worn tombstones as the towering trees sent shadows sweeping across the earthen floor.
Many who rested here, rested long.
Those from other places, other times, other walks of life, now met and remained here.
Conquistadors and pioneers, 1812 war heroes, and those fallen in Civil War battles, now shared sepulchral slumber.
Though the graves were silent, each tombstone told a tale, the occupant's life history ground into granite.

One headstone simply stated: "David Parker, of Washington, D.C., 27 years of age, died of diphtheria, June 14, 1837."
Twenty-seven years of laughing, loving, crying, hoping, and dreaming, summed up in short, cold words.
Quietly reflecting on this man's passing, I wondered at the quest which brought him to this city.
Why had he journeyed hundreds of miles to eternally reside in this earthen chamber?

Perhaps he came on business, an official from the nation's nucleus, on a mission for the highest authority,
Or maybe a member of the Justice Department sent to apprehend an offender.
A sensitive artist or poet, he may have been, seeking setting and inspiration, or a journalist on assignment from his editor.
Had he been a medical man, bringing aid to the sick, only to fall victim himself, to a raging epidemic?
I wondered, as we turned to depart, had he begun to accomplish his goal before destiny dealt him the losing hand?
The shafts of light continued dancing in the powdery dust on the gravestones as the tree branches swayed with the wind.
The heavy gate clanged shut, locking in the secrets of those silently slumbering within.

Jim Driscoll

FOUR SCORE AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH

America! Land of the free! Home of democracy, where the people have a right to choose. They can choose any car they want. They can choose any job they want. They can choose any mate they want. Thanks to modern science, they can even choose the sex they want. All one has to do to attain these wonderful priveleges is live in America -- and move out of their parent's house. Americans can choose many things. Unfortunately, brothers and sisters aren't on the list.

My mother and father never consulted me as to whether I'd like a brother to keep me company. One day I found another bed in my room. From that day on the democratic experience took a nineteen-year vacation, and Marixism and the commune method ... vacant ideology. I inherited a twenty-year roomie whether I liked it or not.

If I die tomorrow, no one will have to worry about my personal effects. I have none. My brother, Tom, has a very simple philosophy about sharing a bedroom. He thinks that what's his is his, and what's mine is his. Mind you, I'm not a greedy person. I don't mind sharing things, but I don't like waking up to a wet toothbrush. It's depressing. It makes me wonder if I'm sharing his cavities. Once I bought a can of twenty-four-hour deoderant spray. I only got to use forty-five minutes worth. I think he drinks it. My brother's breath is destroying the ozone. Maybe he will be outlawed. Because my brother is a scavenger, I hide my belongings, or I mark them to see if they are moved during my absense. Consequently, every morning I must play hide and go seek with my razor, toothbrush, deodorant, and comb and brush.

The only revenge left to me is confiscation of his belongings. Whenever he does break down and buy something of his own, like cologne, it's usually something like "Hai-Karate." When was the last time you saw a "Hai Karate" commercial? The only thing I would use that for would be to revive my mother if she dropped.

The only safe things in my possession are my clothes. I weigh 245 pounds. Tom weighs 110 pounds. There is no way he could wear my clothes, unless he was going camping and needed a tent. He doesn't go camping, but he does take showers. I haven't proved this yet, but the other day I found my winter coat spread on the floor in front of the shower. Imprinted in the lining were wet footprints.

"Tom would never think of doing this to me," I mumbled. "Then again, Tom never thinks."

Two years ago I spent four weeks in the hospital. I left with one missing gallbladder, an eight-inch scar, and bedsores. I was finally going to sleep in my own bed. It was late that night. I had just taken my medication, and fell into a very deep sleep. Suddenly there was a scream of "Let me go!!! Let me go!!!" I scraped myself off of the ceiling and turned my light on. Nothing. Nothing except me and Tom, who was asleep. I looked under the bed, in the closet, and in my dresser drawers, but I could find no one or nothing needing to be let go of. I went back to sleep. Once again I was summoned back to life by a long "WOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAA!!!!!" Someone was falling off a cliff. I checked myself. It wasn't me. I was just falling from the ceiling again. Someone was either in dire distress, or they were trying to send me into a mild cardial infarction. My surgical bandage was now soaked in blood. Instead of a heart attack, my wound had split open from the quick movements. I looked at it. I fainted. I revived myself. I was too weak to do anything but wait...wait for it to happen again. One eye stayed open while the other one slept. Just when the waiting seemed hopeless, some covers ruffled. There was heavy breathing and then......."WOOOOOAAAAA!!"

I dove for the light, flicked it on, and there he was! Tom was sitting up in bed, screaming like someone had just cut his nose off. Then he fell backward and fell sound asleep. He lay there with innocence reeking from his face. A new found source of energy came to my body. My mother called it adrenalin. I called it justifiable homicide. I walked over to his bed, leaving drips of blood behind. I grabbed his undershirt, and picked him up from his bed.

"What in the HELL are you trying to do, screaming like a GODDAMNED lunatic!!??!?!!" I oughta make this bed frame a permanent part of your anatomy!"

No one else heard my brother scream that night. They did hear my outburst, though. My mother and father peeled me off of Tom. I think I scared him, but not nearly as much as I frightened my mother when she saw me dripping blood all over the floor.

My mother fainted, Tom cursed me and fell asleep in the middle of an obscenity, and my father wondered if Blue Cross-Blue Shield would cover the reopening of the incision. Me? I went downstairs and slept on a safe, quiet, rational couch away from Tom.

Two years passed before my next episode with Tom. Late one night I was sitting in my bed, studying for a test. Tom was asleep in his bed, which was parallel to mine. Suddenly, he sat up, opened his eyes, and walked out of the room. Ten minutes later he came back, fell to his knees, and began searching for something under his bed.

"What the hell could he be looking

for at 2:00 in the morning?", I thought. I tried to ignore him, but it didn't work. Slowly I moved to the side of my bed for a look. I saw nothing. I moved off my bed to a squatting position, but nothing came into sight. I asked what we were searching for. He didn't answer right away, but about half a minute later he said, "Where is it? I can't find it!!"

"What are we looking for?" I asked.

Again he didn't answer. By now I was flat on my stomach, swatting dust, searching for who knows what. I grabbed my study lamp and flashed it under the bed. There was nothing there but Tom's blank face looking far beyond my eyes. Then he stood up, cupped his hands and said, "Boy, am I glad I found you!"

He got back in his bed, put his head on his pillow, and finished the rest of his dream.

There I was at 2:00 in the morning, on my hands and knees, looking for a figment of my brother's imagination. I had an urge to call Silver Cross at St. Joe's hospitals to see if any peeping toms reported in and died of laughter. I got up from the floor and looked at my brother. He seemed to be grinning. I almost hit him. I didn't. I grabbed my books and went upstairs to study and pout for the rest of the night.

When Tom isn't screaming or walking in his sleep, he's breathing funny. A petty complaint? Not really. Tom has misused every nasal spray, cold medicine, and ear drop on the market. My brother is a cold medicine junkie. For his plugged up ears he uses medicated ear drops. For his sore throat, he uses cough drops, cough syrup, and Nyquil. For his chapped lips, he uses Chap-Stik. For his stuffed up nose, he uses nasal spray. Nasal spray, that wonderful cure-all that eats away your congestion AND your nasal passages. Because of his concentrated use of nasal spray, Tom's nasal passages and sinuses have been blasted free of any tissue therein. The result is a high-pitched whistle blurting from his nose every time he exhales. After hundreds of colds and tons of medicine, my brother can't hear or breathe correctly. Remember when the Three Stooges would sleep together? Tom can do all three whistles without error. If I imagine a little bit, sometimes he'll whistle a tune. He did Beethoven's Fifth last night.

Because of all the medicine he has misused, Tom suffers from a cold ten out of twelve months. His nose drives me crazy, and I just ain't whistlin' Dixie! His nose is.

So now, after all this aggravation I've been subjected to, I suppose I should break down and say that although he drives me crazy, I wouldn't have it any other way. Well, that's wrong. If I have to tolerate those annoying human habits, I'm going to do it with someone else. That's why I'm getting married in July. If my wife wakes me up in the middle of the night like Tom so frequently did, I'll wake her up too. We'll find something better to do than look under the bed for nothing, or scream and scare the.....well, anyway, we'll find something to do.

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Diane Dawson

GETTING TO KNOW HIM

It was a beautiful fall day, the sky was a clear bright blue and the trees made that special rustling noise that they make every autumn. The breeze felt cool to my face, and like so many other falls, it seemed like the beginning of another stage of my life. But this year my fall didn't mean the start of a new school year or even a new job. No, this fall brought something really special, the beginning of a new life.

I looked down at the small bundle I held so carefully in my arms. The little person was sound asleep, oblivious to everything around him.

"Here comes your husband now," said the smiling nurse as the freshly washed '57 pulled up the ramp. I had asked my husband, Buzzy, to pick us up in my car, that would someday belong to that motionless creature that lay in my arms. Buzzy jumped out of the car to where I sat in the wheelchair. He reached for the baby but the nurse got him first. Buzzy was left to help me into the car. He then turned to the nurse, but again she acted as though she didn't see him and leaned into the car and placed the light blue bundle in my lap. I could tell Buzzy wasn't getting off on the nurse taking charge of the situation, but I knew that this would be the last time the nurses could interfere. We were finally going home.

The ride home was quiet. The baby continued to sleep peacefully. It was warm enough that we would normally roll down the windows. But now with this new little person in our charge we were afraid that the air might be too much for him. So we left the windows up and rode home in silence.

As soon as we pulled in the driveway, Buzzy's family came out to see the new arrival. Buzzy scooped our little son out of my arms and carried him into the house. I got my suitcase and followed them. After an hour of "Isn't he beautiful" and "He looks just like your father, Buzzy",

we were ready to go to our own apartment upstairs. Buzzy was elected to carry the baby up the long, steep steps, a silent agreement that I was too clumsy.

The apartment was stuffy. Everything was clean and shining, but different somehow. My mom had come while I was in the hospital to put up a crib and changing table and put fresh flowers all over. Everything seemed kind of strange.

The little person started to scream. He opened his eyes, clenched his fists, and hollered for the world to hear. Buzzy brought him to me and I put him to my breast. He sucked hard for a few minutes and then fell back to sleep. I pulled him away and stared at his strange new face. His mouth still made the sucking motion, and his breathing was deep and irregular, sometimes making gurgling noises. The little stranger's eyes rolled underneath his lids. His eyelashes were short brown. All of a sudden my head hurt terribly, the result of the spinal I had had days before. I wanted only to go to bed, to sleep. I carried the little man to our bedroom and laid him gently on his stomach. I felt so tired and my head hurt and for some reason, I didn't know why, I felt disappointed. I went to bed and fell asleep instantly.

I jolted out of bed. That noise! It took a second to comprehend that the noise was a screaming, hungry child that needed - no, demanded! - my attention. I carried him into the living room. Buzzy had to go to work the next morning and I didn't want him to wake up. I turned on the television. Mad Dog Mall was to be my companion on my first of many 2 a.m. feedings. The feeding wasn't bad, it was the colic that came afterwards. For some reason, every time he ate he got gas, and the only thing that would soothe him would be to walk him around the living room. He'd seem to be asleep until I sat down or put him in his bed, and then he would shriek so loud our neighbors later asked us about it. Around five o'clock he'd finally nod out and I could go back to bed.

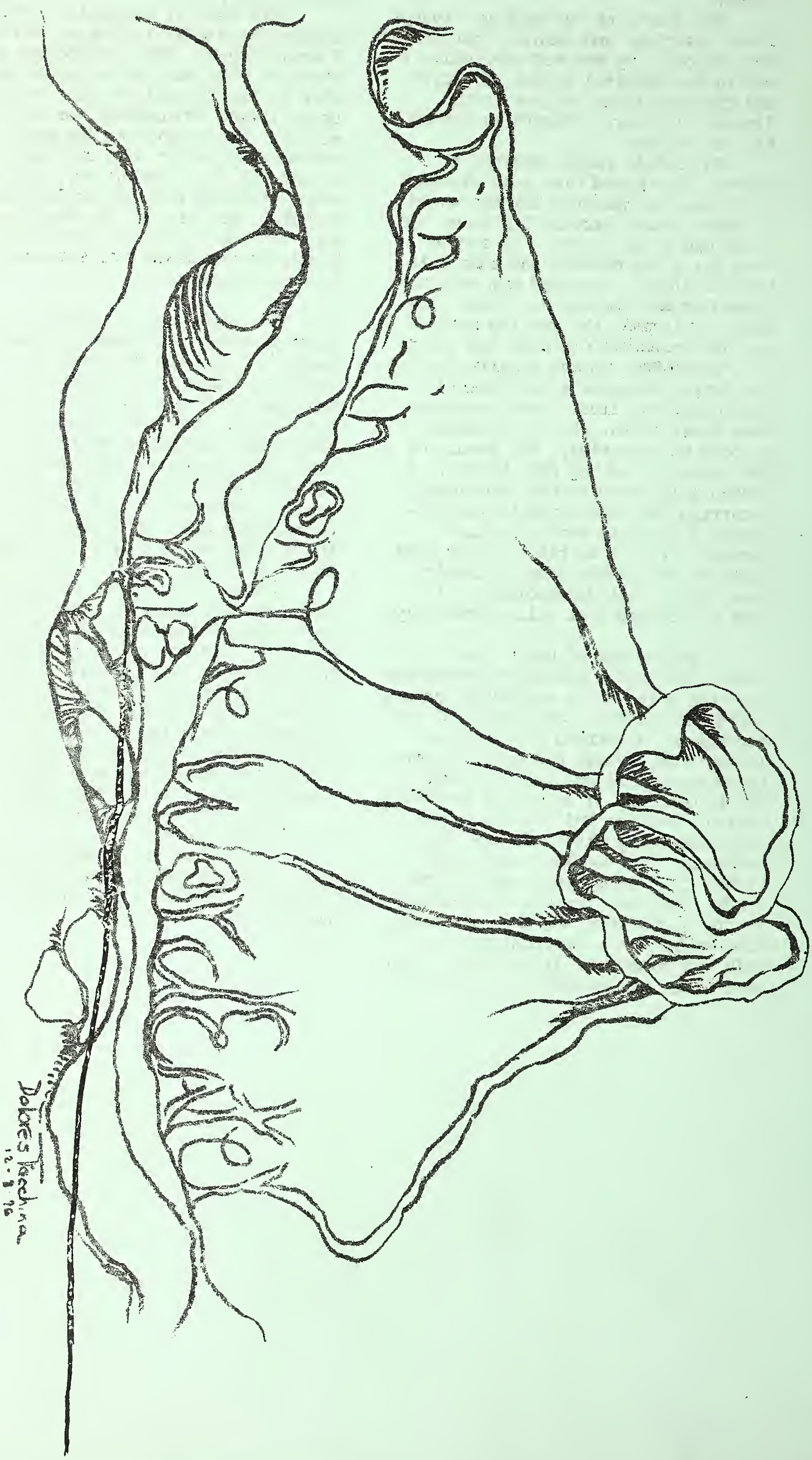
This went on for quite a while. During the day he'd sleep so sound that I would tip-toe into the bedroom and check to make sure he was breathing. When he finally did wake up, he got up hollering impatiently, for something to eat. His timing was uncanny. I needed only to sit down to a hot meal to set off his alarming cry. He could sense romantic feelings at 100 paces, and they were his cue to start cutting up. It didn't take too long before I started to resent that screaming, sobbing noisemaker.

The trees were starting to lose their leaves, the morning air was nippy. We had our day down to a routine by that time. Dayton would have his breakfast and then I'd give him a bath. That was a nerve-wracking experience, trying to hold onto a tiny, wet, squirming body who usually ended up boo-booing in the warm bath water. After that, he'd fall asleep until lunch time, and after that, if the weather permitted, we'd go outside to get some air.

Dressed in a little yellow sweater suit, my baby did look kind of cute. As we strolled down the street enjoying the fresh air and waving at the neighbors, I began to feel kind of proud and protective of my little charge. He was so good during our walks, looking around with his little blue eyes (before they turned brown) and even smiled (occasionally) when someone would come to get a closer look.

"Oh, what a cute baby," they would coo, "and so good."

I looked at the innocent smiling baby. Dayton wasn't such a bad kid afterall. He just took a little getting used to.


Dolores